



TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 14.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD  
(Including Postage)PER MONTH.....30c  
PER YEAR.....\$3.00

Vol. 32.....No. 10,920

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

5th BRANCH OFFICES.  
WORLD CITY OFFICE: 1297 BROADWAY,  
between 11th and 12th sts., New York.  
BROOKLYN: 359 FULTON ST. HARLEM:  
News Department, 150 EAST 125TH ST. Ad-  
vertisements at 237 East 115th St.PHILADELPHIA, PA.—LEADER BUILDING, 112  
NORTH 7TH ST. WASHINGTON—610 14TH ST.  
LONDON OFFICE—32 COCKFUR ST., TRAFAL-  
GAR SQUARE.The Evening World Prints Associated  
Press News.

## AN ACCUSED "L" ROAD GUARD.

JOHN KELLY, guard on a Broadway train on the Union Elevated road of Brooklyn, is accused of pushing or hustling an unfortunate passenger in such a manner as to cause him to fall to his death in the street below. The dead man's sisters, who were with him, make this accusation. For his part, the guard says his only motion towards the man was an effort to save him as he hung outside the guard-rail of a car. Unfortunately there have been many instances of violent and un-called for treatment of passengers by Elevated Railway employees both in New York and Brooklyn. But this fact should not lead to prejudice in the present case. If investigation prove KELLY guilty, exemplary punishment must follow. The proof, however, must be clear. Not even to protect itself can the public afford to have severity administered with injustice.

## ALL TOGETHER FOR THE FAIR.

The London Times has no doubt that the World's Fair at Chicago will in many respects surpass all exhibitions previous. The same paper dwells upon the importance of having exhibits there which will do credit to England before the eyes of the visitors from China, Japan, South America, Australia and other countries in whose markets English manufacturers are now, or may soon be, in competition.

Such a tone as this from the British consuls should inspire the American family to unite even more tremendously than it has shown signs of doing upon making the big fair a success. The country has great commercial issues at stake in the event. It cannot afford to have the exhibition fall short of the standard which the Times indicates.

## THOSE NOISOME ODORS AGAIN.

Since Sunday night the unhealthy and nauseating odors which the works of the Standard Gas Company at One Hundred and Fifteenth street and the East River have again pervaded the atmosphere for blocks around. This nuisance has been shown to have caused sickness which has, in at least one case, resulted in death. Its existence is both a nuisance to the people of the neighborhood and a violation of the law.

The possibility of shutting off the noisome odors has been demonstrated. They must be shut off for good and all.

To a man with the spirit of murder in him, the sight of blood is usually like fresh kindling to the fire of his passion. A singular exception is reported from Dedham, Mass., where a man who chopped his wife to death was struck so agast by his dreadful work that he ran out at once to confess the deed.

The Soudan warriors who have been on exhibition in the United States are now on their way to the home they have pined for. The World never did a more thoughtful piece of kindness than that of returning these ill and homesick exiles to their native shores.

There is exceeding joy at the Treasury in Washington, for that which was lost is found. Not the surplus. Oh, no. But the one silver dollar which lay not astray from one of the Treasury bags. It had been rolling around the floor like any cart wheel.

Founder BRADLEY is determined to keep her out of Ashbury Park. If founding breakers are not enough for his seaside people they must go elsewhere for foamier breakers.

President CANNON has now twice been a target for a madman's pistol practice. As the shots were fired each time, it seems that neither bullet had a Presidential bullet.

You can't help noticing the weather. Think of its effect in the stifling tenement-house districts, and then remember the Free Doctors Fund.

Democratic days are begun in Cleveland.

## EPIGRAMS.

The Watch Trust has stopped.

Closing the British lobster factories is death to the canners and life for the lobsters. It need be no other way.

Mr. Blaine's health seems as lively as the thermometer.

Of all the doleful English tales the worst is that the Prince of Wales is quite too old to speak.

Unmistakable proofs—Those from the photographer.

Cutting remarks—Clipping interviews.

A dentist can do more harm than the most patriotic can. Also more teeth.

A bell may ring, but cannot answer a ring.



## THE STICKING-SALVE MAN.

More than one man wondered if he had heard aright when he hurried off the Brooklyn end of the bridge the other day to be greeted with:

"Here's your old-fashioned sticking-salve at ten cents a stick! Made just the same as it was a hundred years ago, and nothing like it for cuts and sores!"

The sticking-salve man was a queer old fellow living in Long Island City, and he had a stock of a hundred sticks. In half an hour he had sold clean out, both men and women being his customers.

"Do you make a regular business of this?" I asked when the opportunity came.

"All the year round, but more especially in the Summer," he replied.

"And is there any money in it?"

"Enough to keep me and the old woman comfortable. I have often made \$30 a week, and seldom make less than \$12."

"And you sell nothing but sticking-salve?"

"That's all. Newspaper man, eh? Well, I'll tell you all about it. This salve is made from a recipe as old as the hills, as the saying goes. It was in use during the Revolutionary war, and I don't know but the immortal George Washington used it himself when he had rubbed the hole in his leg. It costs me about three cents a stick to make it. I could make it cheaper by getting cheaper ingredients, but I prefer to be honest about it. Did you ever go into a drug store and ask for sticking-salve?"

"Only the other day."

"And did you find it?"

"No; the clerks laughed at me."

"You won't find it in one store out of ten in New York or any other big city, because they prefer to handle court-plaster or sell an ointment, and yet there's nothing like sticking-salve. It was the Virgin's remedy for sores and cuts, and it will be ours as long as anybody can be found to make it."

"So do you sell it?"

"To all classes. You saw 'em buying here, at least half the crowd were well-to-do people. I have been to Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Buffalo and a score of smaller cities, and in many of them I have sold to doctors and hospitals. I am known as 'The Sticking-Salve Man' all over the Eastern States. I had a queer lot of luck in Boston this Spring."

"How was it?"

"I was selling on the street and a well-dressed man came limping up. His shoe had rubbed a sore on his heel, and he had been doctoring it for two or three weeks. He bought a stick, and three days later came alone and tossed me a ten-dollar gold piece. You've been a boy, of course, and you went barefoot, same as other boys? You also cut your foot on an old tin piece of glass?"

"Yes."

"You let it go, boy, like, until inflammation set in and you couldn't bear your weight on it. Then what did your mother do? She made a warm compress, took your foot on her lap and washed the wound clean, and then put on a sticking-salve. Don't you remember of her tearing a strip off an old sheet to get a piece of soft cotton, and then lighting a candle to melt the wax by? And didn't that plaster take hold and draw all the inflammation and the soreness out, and weren't you as good as new next day?"

"I remember."

"Well, times have changed, and people have changed, but sticking-salve is just as good as ever. She'll do it today just what she did when the Mayflower just off Plymouth Rock. There's a thousand salves and ointments to be found in the drug stores, but you can't find one to just fit the bill. I was over on the North River a few days ago when a steamer sailed, and I sold fifty sticks to passengers. It looks odd, but they knew what they were buying."

"Have you any regular customers?"

"Not exactly, but I never have any trouble selling a hundred sticks at any railroad office. I sell to sailors all along the wharves, and stevedores, railroad men, street-car drivers and conductors and draymen all buy. I sold sixty sticks along Wall street one day last week, and sold ten to brokers and makers. And I sold ten to a doctor who was on his way to the city and who was on his way to the city."

"You're a good fellow, aren't you?"

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## HELPLESS TOTS.

They Gasp and Die Such Solitary Days  
as This.Give to the Free Doctor Fund and  
Alleviate Some Suffering.Nell Nelson's Visit to Poverty Gap—  
Successful Entertainments.Two checks—one for \$25, signed  
"William Nichols, 103 Sixth avenue,"  
and the other for \$28.50, signed "J. K. Mason"—have been sent to the Sick Baby Fund and returned from the banks as worthless. Any information leading to the identity of the donors will be thankfully received by the Editor of "The Evening World."

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS

Donations acknowledged: \$2,067.81

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## THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That  
Delight the Gentler Sex.Dark Figured China Silk for Short  
Jaunts—Views of the Sandwich  
Island Queen on the New Treaty—  
Elimination of the White  
Petroleum—Wages of Eng-  
lish Laundry Maids.

Dark figured China silks for short jaunts are simply made with a fan back, plain or "broken" front, high sleeves and coat or pointed coat-lapels, with a full plastron of silk matching the figure.

The entertainment was conceived and carried out by Miss Edith Pond, the singing teacher, who again proved herself a successful manager as well as an accomplished artist.

The entertainment, which was given at the Willowmere House, Bath Beach, last Saturday evening, was arranged as follows:

1. Piano Solo, "Rhapsody" by Liszt

2. Tenor Solo, "Romance" by "Mignon" Thomas

3. Violin Solo, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

4. Baritone Solo, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

5. Soprano Solo, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

6. Reading, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

7. Violin Solo, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

8. Baritone Solo, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

9. Soprano Solo, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

10. Reading, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

11. Violin Solo, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

12. Baritone Solo, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

13. Soprano Solo, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

14. Reading, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

15. Violin Solo, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

16. Baritone Solo, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

17. Soprano Solo, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

18. Reading, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

19. Violin Solo, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

20. Baritone Solo, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

21. Soprano Solo, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

22. Reading, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

23. Violin Solo, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

24. Baritone Solo, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

25. Soprano Solo, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

26. Reading, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

27. Violin Solo, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

28. Baritone Solo, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

29. Soprano Solo, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

30. Reading, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

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32. Baritone Solo, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

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58. Reading, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

59. Violin Solo, "Mourning" by "Mignon" Thomas

60. Baritone Solo,